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junk bottle he saw about my tent or wagon, was suspected to contain the forbidden liquor; and nothing would satisfy him until he examined them himself. After finding in one lemon syrup, in another vinegar, and in a third a mixture for diarrhœa, which communicated an unpleasant pucker to his mouth, the fellow gave up all hopes of obtaining the object of his search. Much harm has been done by Americans in giving this poor and simple-hearted people intoxicating drinks; and it is a matter of satisfaction to me to state, that in my long intercourse with the Indians here, as well as at the Copper Mines with the Apaches, none ever got a drop of liquor from me, or from my camp to my knowledge.

In the evening, while a crowd of Indians were lying or squatting around my tent, I had a long talk with a Maricopa, whose name I forget (but who spoke Spanish well), on the manners and customs of his people. This man was terribly crippled, having a year before been engaged in a fight with the Yumas, in which his party was defeated. He was lanced in many places, beaten with clubs, his hair cut off, and left for dead. After the combatants had left, he revived, and by some means succeeded in getting home. He was still unable to walk, except with a long staff, but had to be lifted on his horse, and rode about with some difficulty. He was quite an intelligent man, and, while we remained, was constantly in our camp.

He said the Coco-Maricopas came here not many years before, to escape from the Yumas, with whom they were constantly at war, and by whom they had been greatly reduced in numbers. Their former range was along the valley of the Gila, on the opposite side